

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

*King.* If it be so *Laertes*,  
As how should it be so, how otherwise,  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* My Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace: if he be now returned  
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes  
No more to undertake it, I will worke him  
To an exploit now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,  
And for his death, no wind of blame shall breathe,  
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,  
And call it accident.

*Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,  
The rather if you could devise it so  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right:  
You have bin talkt of since your travell much,  
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a quality  
Wherein they say you shine; your summe of parts  
Did not together plucke such envie from him  
As did that one, and that in my regard  
Of the unworthiest siege.

*Laer.* What part is that my Lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth;  
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes  
The light and carelesse livery that it weares,  
Than serled age his fables, and his weeds,  
Importing health and gravenesse: two months since  
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,  
I have seene my selfe, and serv'd against the *French*,  
And they can well on horse-backe; but this Gallant  
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his seat,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse  
As he had bin incorp't and demi-natur'd  
With the brave beast; so farre he topt my thought,  
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A *Norman* was't?

*King.*

## Prince of Denmark

*King.* A *Norman*.

*Laer.* Upon my life *Lamord*.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well, he is  
And gemme of all the Nation

*King.* He made confession  
And gave you such a masterly  
For art and exercise in your de  
And for your Rapier most espe  
That he cry'd out, 'twould be  
If one could match you; the S  
He swore had neither motion,  
If you oppos'd them: fir this r  
Did *Hamlet* so envenome wit  
That he could nothing doe, bu  
Your sudden comming ore to  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* What out of this my

*King.* *Laertes*, was your fat  
Or are you like the painting of  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*King.* Not that I think you d  
But that I know love is begun  
And that I see in passages of p  
Time qualifies the sparke and  
There lives within the very fl  
A kinde of wicke or snuffe tha  
And nothing is at a like good  
For goodnesse growing to a p  
Dies in his owne too much, t  
We should doe when we wor  
And hath abatements and de  
As there are tongues, are han  
And then this *Should* is like  
That hurts by easing; but to  
*Hamlet* comes backe, what w  
To shew your selfe indeed yo